



# EMULIE FANCES

## THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

### The Bridge Nuisance.

WHETHER it be at seashore or mountain, country or lake, the bridge nuisance is to be found in all its glory these vacation days. And, be it stated deliberately, it is generally a woman's fault. It is the woman, though she is frequently censured for many things unjustly, who is the cause of the nuisance. Maybe man's disposition is more even, or perhaps woman takes every enterprise more seriously than man, but the fact remains that a female bridge nuisance is to be found at every summering place in the country.

Bridge nuisance? You have seen her often. The chances are you have placed the charge already against some particular woman with whom you have been forced to play at the summer resort where you now are in search of rest and quietude. You can't mistake her—she won't let you!

She constitutes herself the sole and mighty authority on bridge at the place. Her decision is final on every question of play. She herself, never makes a mistake. It is always the other fellow. She can't see why her partner was unable to recognize her signals and follow her lead. Moreover, she becomes angry about it. Such stupidity! Anyone with even one whit of natural "card sense" would have understood. It was as simple as A B C—to anyone but a stupid person.

She forgets her manners entirely and flings courtesy to the winds. She simply can't resist holding a "postmortem" over every hand played and telling each player exactly what he or she should not have done. She implies, and sometimes even states boldly, how different the result would have been if she, herself, had been playing the hand.

And when her unfortunate, novice partner has made a glaring, inexcusable mistake. "Whew! She goes for him tooth and nail! The best! If he knew, and thing about bridge at all, he would know that when she doubled a "no-trump" make, he should have led her his highest heart! Instead of that, he led his lowest spade, and the opposing side just walked right in and made a "little-slam" while she discarded heart after heart, as helpless as two lambs in the woods! Why will people who do not know even the first principle of bridge insist upon playing!

She forgets that she was once ignorant of what she now knows. She fails to remember that no one forced her to play. And she is, apparently, unaware of the fact that while she would not make as glaring a mistake as that she is frequently guilty of other mistakes that would be equally annoying to players who are better versed in the game than herself.

She plays to win—ruthlessly. She ghosts over her winnings. If she plays for money—she is heartless, rude and viciously mercenary. If she does not, she is equally insistent and unpleasant.

She knows all about bridge—but she doesn't know that she is an out-and-out nuisance, unwelcome, invidious and unwomanly.



She Can't See Why Her Partner Was Unable to Recognize Her Signals.

## MR. JUSTWED GOES SAILING

WHEN Mr. Justwed decided to go sailing one especially fine morning at By-the-Sea-Waves, where he and Blossom were spending their vacation, it was not on a lark. On the contrary, he had anticipated the sail at least several weeks before they left the city for the seashore. More than that, he had entertained Blossom for four consecutive days with a vivid, running narrative of exactly how a boat should be sailed and precisely the number and character of the many narrow escapes he himself had experienced in a sailboat. To cap the climax, he had come home one day with a natty, white-funnel yachting suit and explained its extravagance by the emphatic assurance that no man who really knew anything about sailing would think of doing so minus the proper togs.

And on this particular morning, as the Justweds emerged from the breakfast room, Mr. J. was all agog with enthusiasm and eagerness over the plan for a sail on his baby.

"I'll bet we have the time of our lives!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "I've been waiting for this ever since last summer. Good breeze, comfortable sailing, not a bit choppy and just enough clouds to keep the sun from burning us up! Fine! Great sport ahead, my dear; great sport!"

Mrs. Justwed, however, was not so sure about it. At least, she did not enthuse. She merely went up to her room quietly to prepare for the trip.

When she returned, Homer-dear had collected quite a party to share his pleasure. And he was looting no time in impressing everyone about him with his knowledge of deep-sea sailing. Nautical terms flew thick and fast. What Homer-dear didn't know and say about "27-footers," "lee-boards," "center-boards" and "cutting up into the wind" was not worth knowing or hearing.

The others were, or appeared to be, properly impressed. So, as the party made its way to the pier Mr. Justwed rambled

on from one half-bred sailing experience to another. To hear him tell it, he was born on the tossing billows, rocked in the cradle of the deep and hoped to goodness his regular would be sung by the sounding sea and his last resting place be on the white sands 40 fathoms deep! When it came to sailing, he was the real goods, alright, alright, with a government pure-food label annexed to back him up!

The boat was selected and the party clambered aboard. Mr. Justwed attempted to become quite chummy with the Cap'n, the grizzled old seadog who owned the boat. But that worthy refused to be charmed with, answering Mr. J.'s alleged nautical sallies with monosyllabic grunts. To Mrs. Justwed, however, he seemed to take an instant fancy, allowing her a place beside him in the stern, and not even cautioning her to watch out for the tiller as he changed its position in steering.

Mr. J. was the last aboard, and with a brave show of seamanship he shoved off, accompanying his action with the command, in a deep-sea voice, to "belly aft!" Then Mr. J. slipped up into the long, and clutched the boom of the main sheet

quite impressively to make over the sail as the boat swung into the wind.

"Set down!" granted the Cap'n. "Tall! no use feeling 'th' sail, 'cept you're going to reef it!"

At which Homer-dear promptly obeyed. In a moment, though, his spirits rose again and he let loose some more salt-sea persiflage. Everyone, however, seemed so interested in the boat as it danced along over the waves that his statements were allowed to go unchallenged, though the Cap'n did shift his natter square to the other side of his mouth with an expressive grunt.

"Getting into deep water now," he claimed Mr. J. suddenly, "and we seem to be running into quite a sea. Hope nobody gets seasick!"

"Oh, dear!" cried one of the ladies. "Please don't talk about such a horrible thing, Mr. Justwed! If you do, I know I shall be sick!"

Homer-dear smiled—quite a superior, indulgent smile.

"My dear young lady," he said, "it is all a question of mental control. If you imagine you're going to be sick, then you will be. If you look the matter over in the face, and insist that you won't, then

you won't. I've been sick only once in my life—the first time I ever went sailing. Then I saw it was all a question of mental control. I've never been seasick since. Don't believe I could be, not even if I tried!"

At which the young lady in question took heart and fixed her mind intently upon the argument that there was no occasion for her to be sick, and she wouldn't be!

Homer-dear scanned the horizon in an impressively seamanlike manner.

"Looks like a squall over there, off the port bow, eh, Cap'n?" he asked.

The Cap'n glanced a moment in the direction indicated, shifted his quid to the other cheek, expectorated deliberately over the rail and replied laconically:

"Tall! no cloud," drawled the old seadog. "Smoke of Boston steamers!"

Mrs. J. giggled—she simply couldn't help it.

Homer-dear gave her one scowling look of reproach and, seeing that it was up to

him good and plenty, said:

"Let me take her a bit, Cap'n. Hold the tiller until I get in your place!"

Reluctantly the Cap'n surrendered the tiller with the admonition to keep her pointed well up into the wind.

For a minute or so all went well, though the sail did puff and belly at times incessantly.

And then, all of a sudden, Mary, it happened—for the wise Mr. Justwed, in blissful ignorance, allowed the boat to swing right up into the wind. It came about with a whirl—and the heavy boom swung around like lightning.

"Duck!" Low bridge!" yelled the Cap'n, grabbing the tiller.

But Mr. Justwed, appalled by what had happened, failed to heed the warning, though the others did.

The boom caught him a glancing blow on the top of the head, knocking his nice, neat little yachting cap away out into the water, but not seriously hurting him.

"Here!" commanded the Cap'n. "You go forward! Give me 'th' tiller!"

Mr. Justwed obeyed—meek as a lamb.

A half-hour later, as the boat was coming in on the other tack, one of the men cried out:

"Where are you, Justwed? We haven't heard from you for an age."

No response.

And investigation showed that the nautical, deep-sea Homer-dear was far up in the bow, nicely screened by the mainsail, busy with a close communion between his seadog stomach and the waters rushing along past the dancing prow!

Nor did he even notice that Mrs. Justwed was at the tiller, steering the boat on her course as straight and true as though she had a compass beside her, while the Cap'n smiled and nodded approvingly at every fresh demonstration of her remarkable seamanship.



The Boom Caught Him a Glancing Blow on the Head, Knocking His Yachting Cap Into the Water.

### Women in the Water.

ALL women should learn to swim. Though this fact has been advanced many times, but few women are able to do so. One of the first questions asked by the woman who realizes the necessity is: "How can I learn to swim?" It is very easy if one just determines to learn and to keep on trying until success is attained. Swimming is an accomplishment that takes a certain amount of fearlessness, and it is usually the one with this trait who learns the quickest.

One of the great faults with women in the water is that they insist on remaining rigid. Swimming can never be accomplished in this way. Nor can there be any fear of getting the hair wet. The head must be nearly submerged. In the water the body should not be rigid, but supple and easy to bend with each movement.

The first position in the swimming lesson is to thrust the right arm forward, then draw it backward in a half-circle. This is repeated with the left arm, and then again with the right. This is probably the easiest way to swim, though the beginner is apt to use the "dog stroke," that is, striking with the hands up and down like a dog in the water, and allowing the feet to hang limp. Swimming can be accomplished in this way, but it very soon tires the swimmer on account of the strength needed in the powerful up and down strokes. Remained cool is always a great help, and the slow, easy stroke is the best, better results being attained and the strength being reserved. After the swimming stroke is learned there are many other things which will come gradually to the swimmer, among them being the resting position, where one can lie flat on one's back in deep water, without moving a muscle, and take a good rest. Then there is the floating position, which is easy for the swimmer, by folding her arms and just keeping her head above the water.

For those who have never been nearer a great body of water than the bathtub it is almost useless to teach them the important strokes, as they must first become accustomed to the water. Many of the best women swimmers depend very much on the powerful side strokes for their progress.

### Summer Garden Party.

ONE does not need to have a large garden to give a pretty summer garden party. Indeed, the small garden can often be made more attractive at much less expense than the large one. The small garden can be decorated in such a manner as to give the appearance of a large one, with the judicious arrangement of brilliant hues, flowers and the lines of greenery. In the plans for a garden party one must remember that nearly all the lunch counters are to be artificial. A whole hedge of trees may be placed in tubs, yet they can be arranged to look very natural and cool. The guests do not study the detail, but take in the general effect of the decorations.

The marquee should be of broad red and white stripes, while another nearby can be of blue and white. The tables can be arranged in an attractive way on the tents, but, of course "Old Glory" should overtop them all. In case there is plenty of natural shade many tents are not needed. Big easy chairs, appealing with their bright-bued cushions and ribbons, should be everywhere. The tables should be of the very plainest sort and all alike. Often it is advisable to decorate them with bark in such a way as to suggest the rural. The large punch bowl filled with a cooling drink must be ready for the guests, and a pretty girl with a ladle ready to serve it. Mint and berries should be added to the beverage, for both taste and decoration. There are no set hours for a garden party, except that it should be between 4 in the afternoon and 11 in the evening. The guests may be amused with archery, tennis and football, or a special booth being selected for the fortune teller, who may be a professional hired for the occasion. On the other hand, one of the hostesses may treat the guests to a style, her tent arranged with brightly colored rugs and flags, will answer quite well.

### Care of the Feet.

IF women could manage to do so without overstepping the bounds of convention and go barefoot in the dew-drenched grass for an hour each day the feet would be cured of many of the ailments so common in the hot summer months. If one could go wading in some cool brook where the cows stand knee-deep in the water the benefit to the tired, aching feet would be straightway noticeable also.

Women suffer a great deal more from their feet in the summer than in winter simply because they do not know how to take care of them. They should be given an hour's recess each day, and bathed twice during the same length of time. Then they should be sprinkled with a good talcum powder.

The summer shoes should be of the lightest weight, as also the stockings. The black should be placed in the discard and only the lighter colors worn. Dye is had one ounce of dried mint, an ounce and a half of dried sage, four ounces of dried angelica and a half pound of juniper berries. To this add one pound of rosemary leaves. When the bath is moderately warm the feet should be placed in it and allowed to remain for 20 minutes.

AT A WEDDING.

The bride's parents pay for the music at a wedding as they pay for all details of the service. The bridegroom gives the minister fee and pays for his own carriage. All other expenses are paid by the bride's family.

### To Fit and Mend Gloves.

IT has always been the custom of gloves to rip at the seams and tear at the clasps before they can be really said to be wearing out, and the manner of putting on a glove generally has something to do with its life of usefulness. A curling iron should be used to adequately stretch a tight-fitting kid of suede before the attempt is made to put it on the hand.

Loosely fitting gloves, selected indiscriminately, wear out more easily, or at least look more unwearable, than the close-fitting ones. And again, many women purchase gloves that will not fit their short fingers. As gloves should be taken in their selection. Wrinkled gloves do not give neatness of appearance and are an eyesore to the wearer. The way to remedy this is to have the measurement taken by an experienced saleswoman and have them fitted properly. On the other hand, the tracing of a glove must be a subject of especial care, and a single stitch in time will probably save it. If they start to rip at the seams, they are soon in a gaping condition and almost useless. As gloves seams are invariably sewed with an external buttonhole stitch, they should be mended with the same stitch and a corresponding quality thread or silk.

When the mending is done it is best to strip the glove from the hand and while wearing the right-hand glove allow someone to ply the needle for you. In this manner with the glove stretched snugly on the hand the uneven drawing or ruffling of the kid is impossible.

If the glove is to be mended in the palm of the hand it should not be sewed, but an angle of kid should be inserted from some other glove. Fold the ends of the rest above the patch about one-sixteenth of an inch and sew down close to the edge at least twice with the material.



Swimming is One of the Pleasures of a Good Summer.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

THE parsons of the season are very pretty, and the many-ribbed Japanese models are very popular, as are those made of the Persian silk handkerchief squares.

The latest vels cover the entire hat and are adjusted by the wearer to suit her. The prettiest ones are of great squares of dotted tissue or shaded chiffon.

# CORNER FOR MEN

### Mr. A. Good Fellow on Week-End Trips.

LOOK a flyer on one of those week-end back-to-Nature jaunts yesterday," remarked Mr. A. Good Fellow, as he dropped into the seat next to his friend in the dairy lunch, the other Monday, "and I feel like the legend of nothing. Never again for mine! It's too strenuous for yours truly! Give me the heat and the dust and the glare of the city—and all the rest of it, for once hereafter I won't without end!"

"If I feel that way about it, how did I come to go? Huh! That's easy! I'm wise now. I wasn't then! Of course, it may be all right for those who like it, but not for your Uncle William. Got to thinking last Saturday evening that a bit of fresh air and a glimpse of the forest primal and all that sort of thing would help a whole lot. Doped it out that a little rest into the country would just about fix me 'pep' for the next week's work and wipe the perspiration off the cobwebs in my skylight. Then I saw an advertisement on excursion to Ever-Green-And-Oak, and on Sunday I hustled for the station in the early morning before I was even half awake."

"When I got there the fat women with still better lunch baskets were smeared all over the station, and the little kids played 'tag-you're-it' between your legs while you waited in line to get to the ticket window and fought like a real pug to hold your place. Ain't it funny, Bo, how a woman seems to think that every last solitary man in a waiting line should be tickled to death to let her shove in ahead of him? Sure, she came late! But that doesn't make any difference—let's take a real lode!" Put her in the line, though, and let another woman come along and try and shove in in front of her, and you'd might soon see how quick she tells her to go to the end of the line and work up."

"Finally, I got aboard the train. I suppose I should have been thankful for even that. A seat? I had just about as much chance of getting one as the proverbial snowball in—In, that is, on a hot day in July. I was lucky to be able to find a place for my two feet between the lunch baskets and the kids in the aisle. For 20 miles I stood up and got a stranglehold on first one seatback and then on the other on the opposite side, to keep from being pitched in the lap of the truly female Dutch on either side of me. Five miles more, I figured, and then I could at least stretch my legs! What a relief!"

"But no such luck for mine! Of a sudden, the bloomin' train came to a stop—with a busted driving rod on the engine. To cut a long tale of woe into an abbreviated length, Bo, it was two hours before another train came up and boosted us along from the rear. Huh!

What's that? Didn't I like the place when I got there and forgot all about the ride? Uh-ho, I didn't even stop to see what it looked like. Took the train behind and told the conductor to take me any place, just so long as I had a comfortable place in the parlor car while I was going. Just got back this morning—and there you are! Can you blame me?"

### At the Lunch Counter.

THE average man who eats his noon lunch at the lunch counter gets a little realization of the amount of brain and capital, time and energy involved in the preparation of that lunch. He little thinks of the previous purchase of the articles and food, the transportation of small price and their subsequent evolution into the manufactured products. The baker baked his pastry through the night and turned it over to the baker's boy at 5 A. M. Then starts the preparation for the noon lunch. The average time taken by a man for his lunch is about 12 minutes, and yet a half and sometimes a whole day is taken up with its preparation.

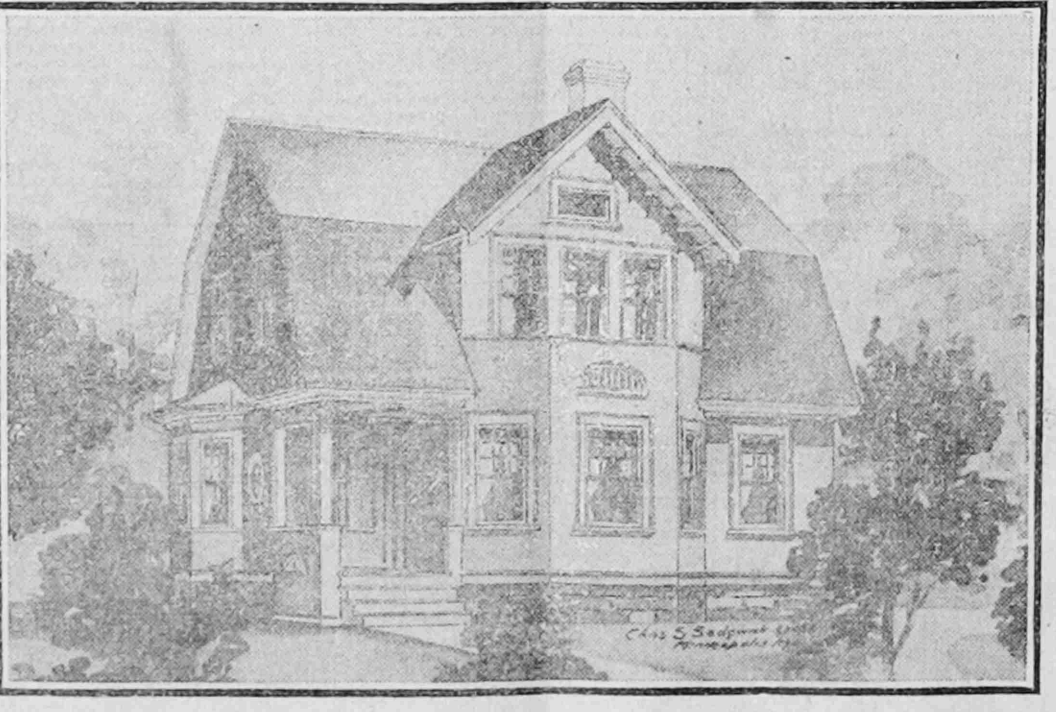
This marketing must be done each morning and many lunch counters have a special man for this work, one who knows the methods of buying at the lowest cost and where to procure the best bargains. This buying could not be done by a novice in the business, or his restaurant would last only a short time. The cook must have his assistants, who work with him in preparation of the food and then sometimes aid in serving it to the customers. This food must all be disposed of within about two hours and brain work is required to have the right amount for each day.

More customers can be expected on certain days than others, as, for instance, on Monday when the largest trade is expected. On Saturday the trade is expected to fall off a great degree, many business houses closing at noon during the summer and the men going home for their lunch. Then, again, at a lunch counter the customers are not always the same, special care is taken in not serving the same kind of a dish two days in succession, etc. Little do the noon lunchers realize the work, the method and the difficulties taken in preparing their 12-minute lunch.

### HAD A GOOD REASON.

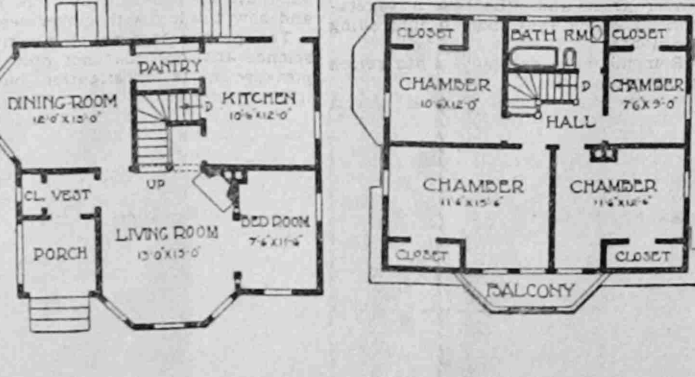
There were to be 12 guests at the table and Mrs. Jones was very much worried. "Don't mind that, dear," said her husband. "You surely are not superstitious." "No, that isn't the trouble," said his wife. "But you know we have only a dozen knives and forks."

### A Wide Fronted House, Costing \$3,200.



DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.

It is generally conceded that a wide front to either residence or public building is a great advantage. The early colonial houses were usually built in this manner, a house of this type is not as well adapted to a narrow lot, but the advantage of having two rooms to the front and the admitting of sunlight and outlook is very great. The plan shown in this issue has a front width of about 30 feet and a depth of 25 feet. The entrance is at the left hand side, with a recessed porch coming underneath the main floor. The arrangement of the living-room with the fireplace and stairway leading up from the rear gives a very pleasing appearance. The small bedroom, or, more properly, den or study library makes a very attractive extension of the living-room. The kitchen and dining-room connection through the pantry



### Handwriting Duplicated by Wire.

THE telegraph is the latest invention in the commercial adaptation of electricity being a device which enables the transmission of a message, a reproduction of your own handwriting, instantaneously. Not long ago a banker in Cleveland sat at his desk in his office and wrote an order to a Chicago bank, using the new telegraph, and the order was received and reproduced in his own signature at the Chicago bank as accurately as though the words had been written in Chicago.

The new machine is very simple. After it has been once installed, you have to do is sit down to the instrument, take up the ordinary pencil attached to it, write the message on the paper pad, and instantly slender metal fingers begin to work up and down, similar to the action of a jumping jack, apparently with random motions, and the letter will be transmitted as it is written. An exact copy of the words and handwriting will be recorded by the metal fingers at the receiving pad as instantaneously as the click of the telegraph instrument flies from the sending to the receiving instrument. Distance is of little matter and the writing at the other end will be recorded wherever the wires can be carried. A message from this machine is like receiving a mysterious spiritualistic

message, accompanied by the constant table rapping, but the invention promises to be one of the most used in years to come. It is said to be a great improvement over the telegraph and the telephone in many ways. It is claimed that in business both accuracy and privacy, while the telegraph overcomes all these objections, the line cannot be tapped and the message is delivered directly to the person for whom it is intended. It is registering and makes two records, one for the sender and another for the person to whom it is addressed. The receiving instrument works automatically, and the addressee, if he is absent, finds the message upon his return to his office. It can be operated by any person who is able to write and will transmit the most rapid writing. Two instruments can be used for a simple private line between two parties, and a number of the instruments can be arranged at various points and connected with a switchboard to send and receive messages in a manner similar to the workings of the telephone from the central exchange. A third instrument may be added to a private line, on which may be made to appear all messages "going in either direction on the line. The invention is probably one of the queerest and best of the past century.

### A Weather Prophet.

A WELL-KNOWN dairyman says that the cow is a weather prophet, and this can hardly be denied according to his statements. It is claimed that the approach of a storm causes a cow to show the fact by the dimming of her milk. There is no reason why this should occur, but it is claimed to be a fact that the milk shows a certain falling off in quantity, sometimes as much as a fourth of her usual amount. This rule does not apply so much in winter, but in the other three seasons it is almost infallible, and whenever a dairyman finds the daily supply suddenly diminished he knows that bad weather is coming.

### Queer Money.

THE present time all queer money is counterfeit. But there have been numbers of instances in the past when many queer things have been used as currency in various places. The wampum of the Indian is, of course, well known from history. A long time ago, however, cows were received in Massachusetts in payment of taxes. But after a while this statute was revoked, as cows in all conditions of decrepitude were unloaded on the state.

In Connecticut in the days of Indian troubles bullets were made legal tender, and each bullet was considered worth about half a cent. In this way each settler was almost certain to have a supply of bullets always on hand. Up in Boston at one time what was known as African money was used as money, principally in the slave trade. Twelve bars of this iron were considered worth, approximately, \$5. It will be recalled, of course, that in Virginia and Maryland in the early days tobacco was given and received freely in payment of debts and taxes. In Newfoundland dried cod was used in the same way in Canada, playing cards in Mexico, salt, while in Scotland at one time nails were used.